Catch The Drive Spirit!

**BOOST! BOOST! BOOST!**

FOUR GREAT DRIVES ARE ON

The drive for the church and denominational budget, this is not quite covered. If your pledge has not come in, attend to it at once.


The Randolph Memorial Endowment Drive—A Memorial to the late Rev. L. C. Randolph. For benefit of Milton College.

All Together, Pull! Boost! Lift!!!

THEN—OVER THE TOP!!

The above is from the “Bulletin” of the North Loup Church.

Pretty good Drive Spirit in North Loup. Have you got that Spirit yet? Do YOU BOOST?

The Treasurer of

**THE DENOMINATIONAL BUILDING**

is F. J. HUBBARD, Plainfield, N. J.
Catch The Drive Spirit!

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The "Sabbath Recorder" Drive, 32 New Subscribers added. The drive is still on. If you are not a subscriber, help us to make ours a 100% Society.


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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich.

President—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.
Vice-President—Rev. Franklin H. Johnson, Newarks, N. J.
Secretary—William R. Burdick, Battle Creek, Mich.
Treasurer—Hayden A. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

President—H. W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Vice-President—Olive E. Whittredge, West Milton, Ohio.
Secretary—William W. Burtwell, Milton, N. J.
Treasurer—G. C. Finch, Battle Creek, Mich.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Founded, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. F. E. Bedell, Battle Creek, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—A. S. Bookbinder, Rockville, Vt.
Treasurer—F. I. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich.

AMERICAN SABBATH TREATY SOCIETY

Secretary—Rev. Franklin H. Johnson, Newarks, N. J.
Recording Secretary—Rev. Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.
Corresponding Secretary—F. E. Bedell, Battle Creek, Mich.
Treasurer—S. H. Davis, Westery, R. I.

The regular meetings of the board of managers are held on the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President—Rev. W. W. Nason, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Samuel B. Bond, Alfred, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.
Treasurer—W. H. Davis, Milton, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY

Chairman—Frank H. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. B. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. B. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Chairman—Frank H. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich.
Recording Secretary—Miss Miriam E. West, Milton Junction, Wis.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. H. B. Schock, Milton, Wis.
Treasurer—Mrs. W. H. Davis, Milton, Wis.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST FUND

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and for the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST SENTINEL ENDOWMENT FUND

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and for the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society. Gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

SAVING SCHOOL BOARD

President—Frank E. Whitworth, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelace Burdick, Jamesville, Wis.
Treasurer—W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHAPEL

Meetings at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., every Sunday, at the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President—H. W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Vice-President—Olive E. Whittredge, West Milton, Ohio.
Secretary—William W. Burtwell, Milton, N. J.
Treasurer—G. C. Finch, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST BIBLE SOCIETY

President—Prof. E. W. Whitworth, Milton, Wis.
Recording Secretary—A. Davis, Battle Creek, Mich.
Treasurer—Rev. A. B. Scroggs, Battle Creek, Mich.

PASTORS' ASSOCIATION

Chairman—Prof. E. W. Whitworth, Milton, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President—Rev. W. W. Nason, Alfred, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Miss E. B. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. B. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST TRUSTEES

President—Frank H. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich.
Vice-President—Rev. H. W. Davis, Milton, Wis.
Secretary—Rev. C. B. Dodge, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Conference Commission Meets in Session

As these editorials go to the mail the Conference of the Executive Committee of the General Conference is in session at Alfred. Prayerfully and earnestly the members have taken up some of the problems that belong to the Forward Movement for which they are expected to make a program. Only five members of the Commission were present on the first day, but others of expected later. Three sessions daily are arranged for as follows: nine to twelve, thirty-four hour, and eight thirty to ten o'clock. The day was very warm and all the brethren literally took off their coats for the work.

After records of the meeting held in Syracuse last December and listening to some reports of committees appointed at that time, the president of Conference, Rev. W. L. Burdick, told of his work regarding the Commission, in the three associations recently held in Rhode Island and New York State.

The War Reconstruction Board reported having sent letters to all soldiers whose addresses could be secured, using the list published in the SABBATH RECORDER. Of these letters, forty or fifty were returned as not being able to reach their destination.

It soon became evident that the Commission had a great work upon its hands. Every one recognized its importance and felt the responsibility. The feeling prevailed that our people expected a program of greater things; that there is need of more heroic action; and a much better understanding of our possibilities.

The spirit of the war-drives, so prevalent in these days with all Christian workers, needs to be cultivated among Seventh Day Baptists as well as among other denominations. In view of our great needs what program can we formulate, for our churches to carry out, that will meet the necessities of the case? Other denominations are pushing their drives to prepare for their drives. Shall we arrange for something of the kind? What shall we recommend by way of enlargement in home mission fields? How can we furnish needed improvements in our foreign fields? Our schools must come in to our budget plans; and what is the best way to secure funds for the Denominational Building? All the boards too, must be duly provided for. What plans can make for a truly successful Forward Movement?

Recover readers must surely see that the men upon whom the burdens of this work now rest need the prayers and sympathies of the entire denomination.

The editor is not a member of the Commission, but he was invited to attend and requested to participate in the discussions. We hope to give our readers something of the final decisions next week. Of course the report itself should be referred to Conference before it is published in full.

Far-Reaching Power of Little do we realize the far-reaching influence of a single life. Most of us can remember some one whose influence did more to shape our character than any other person ever did. We have often thought of the world-wide influence of the Bible-school teacher who brought Dwight L. Moody to Christ. It is a great thing to be able to set influences at work which shall gather the globe and move thousands to noble and happier lives. Great is the work of one who sets a Moody or a Gypsy Smith to work for the Master.

Recently my attention has been called to another case quite as remarkable as either of these. A poor Irish boy wandered among the villages along the Shannon river, singing as he went some of the sweet songs of ancient Erin. A small boy in the streets of Athlone was attracted by his music and followed him. Finally the two got to talking and the minstrel taught the boy the air he had just sung. The influence of that talk and song aroused new purposes in the boy's heart and he followed the minstrel's plans.

This boy was John McCormack who, since that day, has girdled the earth with
song. His songs have cheered the hearts of thousands in England, Ireland, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. With a heart attuned to sufferer as to tears, with a deep sympathy for the burdened and the sorrowing ones of earth, John McCormack, in great audiences gathered in royal halls, or in the streets, and even in lowly cottages, far and near, has been moving the hearts and molding the lives of men. Where he has not been himself, his records have gone to become household treasures in many a palace and many a lowly cot.

Little did the old Irish minstrel realize what he was doing for the world when he sang that day on the banks of the Shannon. Little does any one know what the far-reaching influence of his words or deeds may be as he moves among men. Happy will it be for us, and for others as well, if we see to it that our every day actions are such as will lead our fellows in ways of right-doing.

"No Man Liveth Unto Himself" story of John McCormack and the wandering minstrel, told in the preceding editorial, emphasize the truth of "No Man Liveth Unto Himself." We are so closely woven together in the great network of human life that each one touches some other and we cannot avoid the effects of that touch. No man can escape the results sure to follow from his way of living. He may think his life is his own and that by wrongdoing he affects no one but himself, but his thinking so makes no difference with the inevitable law of human life, which is a law that holds just as true in regard to the bad life as in regard to the good. And I sometimes fear that evil influences are more likely to take deep root and grow because the heart-soil in man has been peculiarly prepared to receive them. One thing is certain, the unregenerated heart is more apt to exert bad rather than good influences, and unless one makes special effort to keep them from doing their tendency will be to lead his fellows the wrong way.

Weeds seed themselves. They grow rank and rapidly without any cultivation. The richer and the soil the more they flourish and the ability of weeds to penetrate themselves is wonderful! One thistle seed dropped in rich soil will before many years give a whole field of thistles. They will crowd out all the grass and grain, and the remnants of one bad person—yes, even the effects from one evil deed or vile word—may bring forth a ruinous harvest in the years to come.

This law of personal influence working through churches, is well as for the good of those who come after us, should make every thoughtful man or woman careful as to the tendencies of his life. The world must be either better or worse for our having lived in it. Which shall it be?

Can We Hold the Country Church? America abandons her churches in rural districts, and leaves her people without Bible schools or spiritual worship. Many fear that such a day is approaching, and all must admit that these fears are not without some cause. One needs only to keep his eyes open as he travels through the States to see many deserted churches. He may travel fifty to a hundred miles on a stretch without seeing any sign of provision for public worship; and in such a case he may be practically certain that there is but little, if any, interest in the church, where church buildings do exist. There are certainly fewer than thirty thousand sons of America—soldiers who wore the blue and the gray—awaiting the resurrection morn.

A visit to this famous old building with its massive domed columns, its empty halls and rooms which resounded to the footsteps of Wałton's cottage, Lafayette and Lee, is always full of interest, and we never tire of walking over the famous old estate. The view, especially in the afternoon, is inspiring and beautiful, and the same may be said of the Potomac, which is famous, not only for its military history, but for its special charm. Arlington and Mount Vernon—where can visit either of these historic places on the Potomac without a thrill of patriotic pride in the nation with whose capital city they have been closely connected? Just over the river stands the Lincoln Memorial so recently erected and the famous Washington Monument, both white as snow in the bright sunshine, while the dome of the Capitol is reflected in the background above the springtime green of parks and gardens for which Washington is famous.

Near by is the wooden hillside of Airlington sloping down to the river, and around us, spread over this great estate are the ruins of the dead who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. Twenty-five thousand of the boys who wore the blue, and the twenty-five thousand boys who wore the gray are sleeping here amid these peaceful scenes. Among the beautiful monuments stands one erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in honor of the Confederate soldiers who sleep in rows around its base.

We are thankful that the day has come when both North and South can place flowers and laurels on graves of both the blue and the gray as they sleep together in citadel of the dead. Memorial Day services, filled with the spirit of the Prince of Peace, are common evidences, in these years, of a united country in which all men are regarded as brothers. The writer remembers with much pleasure one memorial service where he preached to a company of soldiers composed of both those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray.

After the sermon the first man to grasp the speaker's hand and thank him for his words was a Confederate soldier who lost his leg by a Yankee bullet.

While resting on the porch of Arlington house we saw several companies of tourists personally conducted—studying the advantage ground of the terrace the historic scenes that surrounded them. Some were there who wore Grand Army buttons; some who fought in the Spanish War were probably in the companies, and several wore the white-knit cap of the new army for freedom, but all alike were interested in the story which the monuments about them tell, and all seemed proud of the country that cherishes the memory of its heroes.

Thus it was out from the scenes of carnage memorial of the brave, God has led our nation to become the champion of world freedom in this, our day.

Independence Day In Old Alfred We are having another memorial day. It is quite different from the one described in the last editorial, and it has a very different purpose. The Fourth of July in Alfred was certain to have been a day when people there gave themselves up for a day of social festivities and recreation. The college campus was the picnic ground where all the people came together by families and groups with their well-filled baskets for mid-day lunch. The deep shaded spots under the evergreens and elms and maples were occupied by old and young during the dinner hour.

Just before noon the band called the people together near the library and Pro- fessor J. Nelson Norwood delivered the oration. Mr. Norwood has attentive listeners whenever he speaks. His appreci- ation of the historic propa- ganda lessons from by-gone days to fit men for days to come make of him a
The Church of the future will never go back to the idea that its chief function is to be elsewhere. We have gone forth to make the world safe for democracy, that is, a safe, sane, and satisfactory place for all kinds and conditions of men. The Church must now become a place in which pious and projects for promoting human welfare on earth are frankly and freely discussed, and from which men and women go forth to put these ideas into execution. The dividing line between religion and politics has been obliterated. Men who can aim at not going to heaven and escaping hell, but the abolition of hell on earth and the establishment of heaven here and now. All things necessary to happiness are already in our hands. The trouble is not with the world, but with our ignorance as to how to use the world. We know enough about agriculture so that no human being need go hungry; we know enough about manufacturing so that no human being need go without shelter or clothing; we know enough about navigation so that the remotest human being need not lack any good thing; and all this can be accomplished without overwork or underfeeding, without poverty or misery. Society must now be reorganized so that all its members may live life, liberty, and happiness. It now becomes the function of the Church to lead in this direction. Woe to the Church if it fails in this particular. Some organization is going to perform this task, and if the Church should not be adequate to the enterprise, it will be swept away like so much chaff, and something else will take its place.—American Lutheran Survey.

It would be a good thing for all the manufacturers of the United States to resolve that "Made in America" is a good enough slogan for every loyal citizen of the United States.—Boston Wage-Earner.

And what is so rare as a day in June! The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys. * * * * 
This is the highest one of the year. Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it. We are happy now because God wills it.

These rare June days with warm sunshine and plenteous showers make Alfred a verdant land of charm. The flush of new life may be seen in the valley and on the hillsides where tree and flowering shrub, over a wide expanse of campus, make Alfred a delightful place in which to spend commencement week. This is the high tide of the year for the college when friends and alumni of other days revisit Alfred to enjoy the festivities of the week. Every recurring commencement is a season of joy and pleasure and is looked forward to by many friends of Alfred with happy anticipations. Old friends meet on familiar and sacred ground and rekindle the memories of days gone by. To the friend and lover of old Alfred a flood of memories at such a time as this, comes sweeping down over the mind when the heart is already so full that a drop overfills it. Here come strangers for the first time and at the close of commencement week they leave our quiet village, nestled away among the hills, enthusiastic over its pleasant environments and superior advantages for training.

Notwithstanding the distracting influences that the war has brought to Alfred in common with other colleges, it has enjoyed a prosperous year. While several from the senior class answered the call to service, the twenty-three members continued the work and members of the present graduating class.

Alfred's eighty-third commencement was formally opened Sabbath morning, June 14th, at 10:30 o'clock, when Rev. J. Hudson Belden, delivered the baccalaureate address. The festival was given under the auspices of the Musicians' Banquet by the Beverly Trio, assisted by John Hagedorn as reader. Following is the program:

ANNUAL CONCERT

One of the most enjoyable concerts given in Alfred this season was given under the auspices of the Music Department by the Beverly Trio, assisted by John Hagedorn as reader. Following is the program:

**Level-Headed Sober Thinking**

The one thing our nation needs is something that is likely to jeopardize our democracy in these trying times is the hysterical, revengeful spirit that upsets the popular mind whenever some anarchistic outbreak terrorizes the people. Bomb-throwing and assassinations are indeed terrifying, but these are not so disastrous as popular uprisings when masses of men cease to think soberly and surrender to emotions of fear and revenge.

In these times our public officials can be trusted to maintainamas with proper sternness without the people's taking the law into their own hands and wreaking vengeance on the offenders. Popular uprisings in the spirit of revenge are most disastrous foes to a democracy.

The loyal citizens of our country ought soberly and carefully to consider the reasons why disorder and unrest are so prevalent in the nation. Level-headed thinkers are greatly needed in all ranks of social life; men who think earnest and sober efforts to discover the causes of dissatisfaction, and to learn from experience what can be done to remedy the troubles. Faithful and consistent thinking of the highest order can do as much for the democratic character of the United States rather than fuming and raging over anarchistic tendencies is what America needs in her citizens. Americans should be trying in the spirit of true patriotism to win men back from the state of unrest to that of loyal and faithful upholders of law. The cure of the troubles that vex this country is to be secured by the bridge or the hang-rope in the hands of a mob; but it must come through men who think clearly and love fervently.

The Church of the future will never go back to the idea that its chief function is not to be elsewhere. We have gone forth to make the world safe for democracy, that is, a safe, sane, and satisfactory place for all kinds and conditions of men. The Church must now become a place in which pious and projects for promoting human welfare on earth are frankly and freely discussed, and from which men and women go forth to put these ideas into execution. The dividing line between religion and politics has been obliterated. Men who can aim at not going to heaven and escaping hell, but the abolition of hell on earth and the establishment of heaven here and now. All things necessary to happiness are already in our hands. The trouble is not with the world, but with our ignorance as to how to use the world. We know enough about agriculture so that no human being need go hungry; we know enough about manufacture so that no human being need go without shelter or clothing; we know enough about navigation so that the remotest human being need not lack any good thing; and all this can be accomplished without overwork or underfeeding, without poverty or misery. Society must now be reorganized so that all its members may live life, liberty, and happiness. It now becomes the function of the Church to lead in this direction. Woe to the Church if it fails in this particular. Some organization is going to perform this task, and if the Church should not be adequate to the enterprise, it will be swept away like so much chaff, and something else will take its place.—American Lutheran Survey.

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The Sabbath Recorder

38

Bridal Rose Overture

Trio

Lavuloe

Reading

Mr. Hagadorn

A Group of Classics

Trio

Arranged

Godard

Cello Solo—"Berceuse"

Mr. Stockwin

Vocal Solo—"A Dream"

Bartlett

Mr. Stowell

Collo Oligator, Mr. Stockwin

Reading

Mr. Hagadorn

Violin Solo—"See the Light"

de Beriot

Mr. Stowell

Popular Group

Trio

Selected

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

COMMENCEMENT

Alfred Theological Seminary commencement exercises were held in the church, Sunday afternoon, June 15th, at 3 o'clock. The program follows:

Organ Volunteer

Professor Ray W. Wingate

Invocation

Rev. Ira Lee Cotrell

Solo

Miss Ruth L. Phillips

Graduating Address—"The Neighbor and Thyself"

Rev. William M. Simpson

Dean's Address

Rev. Arthur E. Main, D. D.

Benediction

Text, Luke 22: 37

I wish to place before this senior class and this congregation, the example and the ideals of Jesus Christ as the pattern and goal for education as applied to the individual, the community, the nation, and the nation.

Christ sets forth in this text himself as an exalted pattern for every human soul; to be emulated by us as individuals and as groups of people associated together for common ends.

He sets forth also the ideal of service, which was his own goal of purpose and attainment. He saw before men and women the highest education and qualifications, and of the finest attainment and purpose, this same goal for their education. He saw a service for others.

Education for service must take all the above factors into account as the object of the education with vast changes in the social structure of the nation and of the world brought by the war. The starting outlines of these changes we are just beginning to comprehend. War is a penetrating and relentless teacher. It tests persons and ideals and institutions. It puts all to the test of strength and endurance.

In him all that is holiest and divinest, as well as every physical energy, was consecrated to service, and he sets admirably the standard to be emulated by us as individuals and as groups of people associated together for common ends.

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remeless triumph, the "Will to Power" is the upheavaler.

The gentle Euen in a more refined philosophy of "Activism," exalts "German Culture" as a superior culture, based on state mind­ness and humanitarism of religion, and pro­motes the egoism of the German character.

As a testament to the German military exploit, who preached "Militarism;" "Might makes right;" "The state can do, without immorality, what the individual would be to its advantage to do;" "Treaties are not sacred;" "Offensive warfare is a sacred right;" "War is a sacred right, still live for others."

The process of evolution; "Germany has a divine right and duty of world conquest;" and so on.

This education in Germany, so utterly desti­tute of the spirit of service, has finally broken down the supposed communities and Ger­many with her technical efficiency, and her as­tounding egoism and selfishness, is left with her people, her institutions to stew in her own sup­reme good.

She cannot escape the obligation that her position involves. Either she is in the midst to serve, or she is in the midst to be served. Which will our people choose to follow—who said, "I am in the midst to serve," or him who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

God forbid that we may be content to live in the midst only to fatten and enrich ourselves out of the misfortunes, the agony and the dis­tress of others. May we as a nation be brave enough and unselfish enough to remain in the midst of our war and to face the world, and by promoting international co­operation, fellowship and brotherhood through a League of Nations.

Not one will deny that America is in the midst of the world today more than any other people. And she is in her true position, not escape from the obligation that her position involves. Either she is in the midst to serve, or she is in the midst to be served. Which will our people choose to follow—who said, "I am in the midst to serve," or him who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

the loveliness of a new and beautiful

dream, runs away with the gay

adventurer to become his Pierrette. But

Pierrot forgets his love, as he always for-
gets, until at length he loses Pierrette and

his songs become mockeries; he can't dance

or laugh. When he can't forget, he attempts to

remember and wanders back to the old

Dutch Garden, empty now, and deserted.

And there, having learned at last unselfish-
ness, he finds once again, almost unbeliev-
ably, the Pierrette he thought was dead.

Hilda Ward made a most fascinating

Pierrot, graceful, airy and passionate. Dor-

othy Baxter was a winsome, delightful Pru-

nella. Indeed, the entire cast was well

chosen and interpreted their parts admir-
ably. The scenery which greatly heightened

the artistic effect of the play was painted by

Mr. Nash, Miss Fosdick, and Mr. Hilde-

brand. Much credit is due to Mr. Nash,

19, for his able coaching of the play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pierrot Hilda B. Ward

Scarabell, his servant Vincent Axford

Muses—

Hawk

Kael

Carter

Doll

Rev. Barnhill

Tawdry

Coquette

Terrance, a hired singer

Prunella

Prim, her aunt

Privy, her aunt

Quaint, the servant

ad gardner

Poy

Love, a statue

CLASS DAY

Of all the days in the year, Class Day is the one which most entirely belongs to

the seniors. On Tuesday, a most pictures-

que and delightful play of the gods, Pan-

dora, was given, with a background formed

of the tall pine trees at the Goodwin. The con-

sumates were brilliant against the dark green

of the trees, and the scenic effect was ad-

mirable.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Epimetheus, one of the gods LeRoy Pess

Vulcan, smith and artist of the gods

Earle Burnett

Mercury, messenger of the gods, Vincent Axford

Boy, slave to Epimetheus Wayland Burdick

Pandora, a woman made by Vulcan,

Gertrude Wells

Minerva, goddess of wisdom Mary Elizabeth Wilson

Iris, goddess of peace and hope, Elizabeth Davis

Chorus of Hours—

Hazel Trump

Glady Picock

Hilda Warren

Dorothy Baxter

Hazel Stillman Trump gave the Mantle

Oration and the cap and gown were receiv-

ed by Marion Reed Roos, president of the

junior class.

MANTLE ORATION

Somewhere to-day in faceless fields rest noble

boys who have gone "Over the Top." There

have been sorrow and sacrifice and intermingled

joys in acquiring this cap and gown for which

they fought. We, here today, have not been
called upon to make this supreme sacrifice. At

first, they too were inexperienced like freshmen;

but in their striving for the end they they were

not learning for their own benefit, but for ours.

With this splendid example before us, we should

better fit ourselves to serve humanity.

As irresponsible, joy-loving freshmen we were

traditionally given to carelessness for growth.

Not until we were sophomores did we begin to be impressed by our lack of wis-

dom. Then we realized that we should have medi-

um for all activities, more study with some social

and recreational life, we became juniors. And

as juniors with broader experience of the ings

ward to the wearing of the cap and gown as the

height to be reached.

The true worth of the mantle is more clear to us, as seniors. It stands for a new be-

ginning, a new commencement into the world-life with its vast fields to be conquered.

We have green plants growing and changing in the sunshine and rain, and now we are able to

foresee, the fruit of our blossoming depends upon the richness of our ideals which we carry away with us.

We have been formed and moulded through four years of work with the patient guidance of those

over us.

Classmates, as we step out into the tomorrow with its ever increasing responsibilities let us go on

"Working for Alfred all the time," and let us remember that we are also world-workers.

And now, members of the class of nineteen-

twenty, it is your pleasant duty to leave the

world—all with which it stands, to you. Forget not

the traditions behind it, forget not its symbol of

honesty and dignity. Never more must we have been to wear it because of these sym-

bols, not what it is but because of what it means and stands for, and a full under-

standing and better chances to "Go Over—" It is

the height which is, with the ever awaken-

ing world, becoming more sought for and to which comparatively few reach.

With the best and heartiest wishes for suc-

cess, from the Class of Nineteen Twenty, we

leave to you, the Class of Nineteen Twenty, the

privilege of wearing the cap and gown, as sen-

iors of Alfred University.

Hazel Stillman Trump, '19.

The alumni song was sung by the seniors, and,

before the library, the Ivy Oration was given by

Donald Hagar. The little green vine was planted by the seniors and the Alma Mater closed the program.

IVY ORATION

Five years ago, in the fall of 1915, the present

senior class came to college. Then it boasted of

being the largest class of all, with an enrolment

of nearly sixty members. At that time the great

was peace and the quiescent spirit, it seemed to be but a matter of a few months before it would all be

over. Surely no one thought that America would be

embraced in the struggle. Because of all the

enormous demands for war materials this coun-

try was enjoying a state of prosperity never be-

fore equal. Life did we feel the war or any of its

effects. But as time passed on the war situation began to look dubious for us until finally America was in imminent danger of be-

ing forced into the conflict. April, 1917, saw us

at war with Germany, fighting on the side of the

oppressed and the right. Many of the mem-

bers of our class responded to our country's call;

some of them are still in military service, both

here and abroad. Some have made the supreme

sacrifice and given their lives for their country.

Now, nineteen of us are left; nineteen are left here to participate in these last activities of our

college days. In former years it has been cus-

tomary for each graduating class to plant a class

ivy. This year the planting of the ivy represents to us much more than mere custom.

For it is a message to the absent members of our class, remembrance by which we will understand that they were not forgotten. And

as some of these members return next year

and in the years to follow, this ivy will serve as

a remembrance of the time when our whole class was together. And now as we, the mem-

bers of this graduating class, go out into the

world we leave behind us, among other things, this little vine which roots into the soil may we as men and women take a firm

hold on the real and worth-while things of life.

May this vine grow until it entwines this

whole building with its branches.

Donald Hagar.

COMMENCEMENT

Never has Alfred had more impre-

sive or more perfect commencement exercises.

The weather all the week was excellent, and

Wednesday an ideal June day. The exer-

cises began at 10:30, in the beautifully deco-

rated, Academy Chapel. The program fol-

lows:

University Processional

Orchestra Invocation

Rev. Oliver P. Barnhill

Associate Pastor Marble Collegiate Church,

New York City
all accidents of place and time." But now artists "walk in the world, and, like the sun, shine everywhere."

Still, even yet, the common and everyday does not receive its due. For if we were to ask of you, man, the meaning of life, and had to find some of the most beautiful things upon earth, no doubt your imaginacions would soar to the utmost parts of the universe, to the grandest scenes of nature, famous buildings, or the heroic deeds of men. Or again, if you were called upon to tell of the will of the Almighty, or the mystery of his being, or the mightiness of one's arm, doubtless the minds of all would turn to—say, the wireless, the telephone, the aeroplane and other wonders of our day.

But the greatest invention was not any of these, nor does beauty chiefly dwell in them. Man has had the idea of an expression of his soul; and more beauty lies in common words than in any other thing. Have you ever considered what we would be without them? If no spoken or written word lived on this earth truly, what a void desert—what a barren waste it would be! Even beasts have language, but they lack the greatest beauty of all—the charm of words.

Look at many of our commonest words; visualize their original meanings. In some we find the very growth of wild beasts; these were born of bitter hatred and of red revenge; of hate, defense, and large sacrifice. Some breathe only of hope: "the stars have adorned them"—others are sighs of despair. Again, there are some that shine like gold and seem like silk. A few are dancing spirits of joy; and many words of passion and imagination have been called "winds of the soul"—and there are others that seem like tears, like tracks, like death with dawn. Some words are crystals of human history—in them we heed what man has suffered and enjoyed; we hear the shouts of victory and the bugles of retreat—we see again the battles when man first dwelt upon the earth. His enemies fast closed upon him, his life was a sacrifice. There are some that shine like gold and seem like stars—others that seem to lose their meaning in his—son's.

The bugles of retreat—we see again the battles whenever he stood up to fight. They were not any of these things? Not the deeds themselves but Socrates, calmly, gently, he was shown the glory of meeting one's death bravely, and reconciled to the passing of time. Or again, if you were called upon to describe your own personality—how many of the words you have ever used could you say that you had any place besides those wondrous acts?

What was it that drove us, as a nation, into war? Not hatred, not the other men of ours, who gave themselves so gladly, to be able to see with their own eyes any of these things? Not the deeds themselves alone, but deeds clothed with a garment of words—blazoned and trumpeted over the land aroused them. What was it that encouraged these men when, foot sore, and weary, they tramped long marches; when they were in the far countries of the soul, in utter pain and with no vision to cheer them? It is the words that have kept them steadfast amid the canons of fear and thunder—words of courage and hope. What but words kept them steadfast amid the canons' roar and thunder—words of courage and hope, which kept before their mind's eye the memory of their fame and life immortal.

It is said that "Nothing great has come from reckoning." On the contrary, you can not fail to see the power of mere words; such words as "Glory, for instance, or Pity—shouted with perseverance, with ardent, these two by their sound alone, have set whole nations into motion to change and falsify and pass away utterly, but their lies in poetry and shall prevail."

"For know that this world is, and mean as we are, you have to invest all this vileness with a magical garment of words, to transfigure us and uplift our souls till earth flowers into a million heavens. I tell you there is no word yet coined, and no melody yet sung, that is extravagant and majestic enough for the glory that lovely words can reveal." Again, "The magic of literature lies in the words, and not the sand excellent, strenuous words can leave us quite as dead asleep, whereas a bare, halflined words, carrying with them, by some mystery of his, his agony, or exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations later, may still lead whole nations into and out of captivity."

There is a story written by a man who once found beauty and happiness only in material things, so, carelessly, he parted with a word, thinking it nothing but emptiness. Afterwards there came a time when he wished to give thanks for some simple things, and the words he sought were not there. Only a word, a breath of nothingness, was lost. And yet—"What was it that drove us, as a nation, into war? Not hatred, not the other men of ours, who gave themselves so gladly, to be able to see with their own eyes any of these things? Not the deeds themselves alone, but deeds clothed with a garment of words—blazoned and trumpeted over the land aroused them. What was it that encouraged these men when, foot sore, and weary, they tramped long marches; when they were in the far countries of the soul, in utter pain and with no vision to cheer them? It is the words that have kept them steadfast amid the canons' roar and thunder—words of courage and hope, which kept before their mind's eye the memory of their fame and life immortal."

People of today are losing their hold on faith; they are drunk by this material life of ours. Yet in this war men went to their death smiling because they believed they were doing it for the Most High. People waiting at home believed that even if their boys were killed, they should find immortality in a sacred realm. The last few years have brought about a renais­ sance in faith. There are new tenets of belief now. There is an immortality this side of the grave as well as beyond the grave. No man may live apart. Every well-built act and deed never dies, but becomes immortal here and now. Hearts are made happy by having lived. Not to achieve, to make the most of self, is to be lost and to be without immortality both here and there.

Dr. Prosser advanced the belligerent philosophy, that he has no use or patience for lazy Christians who do not succeed in doing nothing to their country or to nature. As we purpose and achieve, we become godlike: God lives in human lives and achievements and aspirations.

What is the meaning of "Making the Most of What You Have"? There are

one having once heard it could ever forget the story of the crippled man who said to the cripple: "Helped him read the high sign. "Call on me was good for new legs and perhaps I can do something for you." The cripple had a Golgotha every day, but he made the most of what he had left.

"The star of the unconquered will rise serenely in my breast." Dr. Prosser emphasized again and again. The war has left handi capped folk who can't go back to their old work. The problem confronting them is "What am I to do to succeed?" They must work—it would be awful to be supported entirely by the Government. They mean to work. Their spirit is wonderful. Take the story of Smithy, the soldier whose leg was cut off below the knee. He refused to use crutches and why?—Because he was learning to be lame and be master of that crutch. He was learning to make the most of what he had. He wanted no help, no charity. He was happy because since he had to lose a leg, he lost it just where he wanted to. And he needed no man's pity. He was learning to be master of that crutch. He learned the whole thing about a leg.

People of today are losing their hold on faith; they are drunk by this material life of ours. Yet in this war men went to their death smiling because they believed they were doing it for the Most High. People waiting at home believed that even if their boys were killed, they should find immortality in a sacred realm. The last few years have brought about a renais­ sance in faith. There are new tenets of belief now. There is an immortality this side of the grave as well as beyond the grave. No man may live apart. Every well-built act and deed never dies, but becomes immortal here and now. Hearts are made happy by having lived. Not to achieve, to make the most of self, is to be lost and to be without immortality both here and there.

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What is the meaning of "Making the Most of What You Have"? There are
At the invitation of President Davis, the Board of Trustees, the faculty, and the students gathered in the new auditorium for the dedication of the new building.

President Davis then spoke of the service flag of both college and agricultural school. The college registration for the year has been as follows: college, 252; seminary, 3; special 9; ceramic students 56; agricultural 116; summer school 45, making a total registration (including music students) of 440. Excluding duplicates, the total is 365. Prospects for next year's registration are splendid.

As the audience stood, the professor and the music director played and sang. The program included songs from the past and present, as well as a few modern selections. The audience was impressed by the talent and dedication of the performers.

The event was capped off by a speech from the president, expressing his gratitude for the support of the community and his hope for the continued success of the institution.

Did you ever think of tithing your letters—one in every ten at least sent to somebody who needs a bit of volunteer friendship sent to help over a rough place in the road?—The Continent.
MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Contributing Editor

LETTER FROM JAVA

My dear Faithful Friends:

It is time to write my monthly letter, but I can not write very much as there is so much to do, and I have to make the best of my spare time. The two boys who used to help me in the school and in dressing the sores of the people, making the medicines, etc., have left; and a girl I loved so much, who used to do the work in my house and did some Javanese writing, etc., I had to send away as I wrote you in my last letter. I have had an awful time, and all seemed upside down. Now I take the little ones, who just are beginning school, in my house from 9 till 11 a.m., and one of the big girls is looking after them when I have to leave them for other business. And the afternoon is so crowded that I can not stay with them till 1 p.m. I do not know how I can keep it up like this, because there is so much other work to do, but I am waiting for the Lord day by day. He knows all, and he will arrange for me. Just this morning he comforted and encouraged me with his word: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

The love and sympathy of so many dear friends also is a great comfort to me. Here in Java, too, I have many friends, and often I get a letter and money and stays from home and then I am happy. I was so happy when I received a packet from Mrs. N. O. Moore, at Riverside, Cal.; and oh, what a happy surprise it was to open the packet and to find all those nice pictures and booklets and handkerchiefs. I called the little ones who live with me in my house, and oh, they were delighted! I gave them each a picture, and they have stitched it to the wall near their bamboo beds. The rest I shall keep till next Christmas. The fashion sheet is very pretty; I think the Javanese dress is very good, but I wish they would be more like them, if I had some more to give next Christmas.

"The Endeavorer's Daily Companion"

Mrs. Moore sent me, I am using now in my "Quiet Hour" and I do value it. And the monthly notes for Bible reading I sent to a dear friend of mine. Her name is Mrs. B. Davids; she lives in Soerabaja, Java, and she is a faithful Christian; she keeps the Sabbath and is baptized (immersed); but she does not belong to the Seventh Day Baptists, neither to the Seventh Day Adventist Church. She likes little booklets like that.

I have very many sick people just now, as the malarial fever is always on its worst here at this time of the year. It is the time the rice crop comes in; so just now food is cheap almost everywhere; and for this reason those who have regained their strength go away from here to find other work, where they get more payment. But within a few months good food will go up again, and then the poor creatures will come crowding in again. I am trying to buy rice as much as I can get; but it is really a hard job. So many rich merchants are buying rice, trying to make great profit out of it when in the future they sell it at a high price; and I can not afford to pay as much as they, because for me it is not a matter of making profit. And another difficulty is the rain, whilst now we ought to have the dry season. Much rice I have bought on the fields (to be sure to get it, and get it a little cheaper) is spoiled because we have to dry it. And as there are so many sick, we have not enough hands to do all the work.

So you see the difficulties and cares keep coming; and I do feel old and tired. But your prayers will not be in vain; they will be the channels through which God will send me his mighty help. So dear friends, keep praying! Also for the conversion of these poor dark creatures. And may our God send a man, full of the power of his Holy Ghost, to stand at the head of this work. This is a very urgent thing, and I hope you will continue to pray for me.

I do thank you all for your help, your money, your sympathy! May our Father pour out his richest blessings upon you all. This is my daily prayer for you.

Yours to God's will,

M. JANSH.

May 14, 1919.

NEW AUBURN, MINN.

ANGELINE ABBEY

Work at New Auburn has been progressing the past few months, apparently more than for the past year or so. About six months ago we began to see some results. The people seemed to be awakening spiritually, and were more eager to hear the gospel, and seemed to be more willing to help in the work of the church and in that of the various other religious organizations.

The church voted to ask Claud Hill and his mother, Mrs. Eva Hill, to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings last November. We felt that the personal work they could do and the music they could render was just what was needed. They could not come at that time, so we postponed any special effort until spring. During the interval, at the prayer meetings, the needs of the field were discussed, and many prayers ascended for a special work of grace.

In March the services of Pastor A. L. Davis and Claud Hill, of North Loup, were secured and we looked forward to a revival of religion in this place. From the increasing interest of many of the people, we felt that the time was ripe for such work. A number of special prayer meetings were held in preparation and the meetings advertised. The brothers came; the attendance and interest were good until an epidemic of influenza broke out, making it impossible to continue. There was universal regret that the meetings had to cease, and some said: "Have them come back when the danger of the 'flu' is passed."

When the disease had subsided, the matter of having some one come and finish the work was brought up. The Christian Endeavor Society, the members of which are pledged to work the New Auburn Mission, voted that the Missionary Society send a man and as many as possible of the people. The Committee of the Missionary Society appointed to take the work was told to care for the expenses.

We felt that the time was ripe for such a project. It would mean a large number of unchurched people whose interest of late has been increasing and they are reaching out for higher things. These are willing to help both churches. Some of these have helped in my support but will do more from now on.

We organized a "Co-operative Christian Society," the members of which are pledged to help maintain religious services in the English-speaking evangelical churches of the village, and to help in other works of civic betterment. This organization does not interfere with the churches as organized, which will have their business meetings as formerly, and endeavor to raise funds to help the denominational boards and for their own expenses.

In April the people of the community made me a surprise donation party which they called a "pounding," though many more pounds of choice groceries and fruit than people present were left besides some money. A pleasant evening was spent. It was a surprise, not only that the people came, but that so many outside our own people were eager to give.

At the annual meeting in May the following church officers were elected: Moderator, Mr. M. A. Campbell; church clerk, (Continued on page 6.1)
WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSTLEY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

ONE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

The day was done, and a woman tired and weary signed her name to the last note to be written as the clock struck twelve. "Another day gone and what have I done?" she said.

She read over the two notes:

"DEAR MISS BLANK: There comes to me so constantly the feeling that the nurses in our hospitals are, that a little love and that they have so little relaxation from their constant association with a world of sickness and suffering that I just long to snatch them away from it all for a little while into an entirely different atmosphere which would put a new song in their weary hearts and a new spring in their tired steps. I have engaged two seats for all the orchestra concerts this season which I want to place at your disposal, as you are in charge of the nurses. I can not do the work they are doing but perhaps this strain of music in their lives will help them to do it better."

She sealed this and then glanced over the other note:

"DEAR PASTOR: I am sending you a line to let you know that a little love and that they have so little relaxation from their constant association with a world of sickness and suffering that I just long to snatch them away from it all for a little while into an entirely different atmosphere which would put a new song in their weary hearts and a new spring in their tired steps. I have engaged two seats for all the orchestra concerts this season which I want to place at your disposal, as you are in charge of the nurses. I can not do the work they are doing but perhaps this strain of music in their lives will help them to do it better."

Before she went to sleep, her thoughts traveled back over the busy hours of the day. No great task had been done. She had attended a meeting of the Orphan's Home Board and had succeeded in getting an assistant for the superintendent. She had gone by the hospital to make sure of the delivery of the Victrola and the records the nurse had told her would be such a wonderful help. She had lost time there because one of the young doctors looked so tired and worn she had stolen him away for a little ride in her automobile.

Then she had mailed to a missionary friend in Japan a number of dainty little dresses which her own little daughter had outgrown, and had sent them with a batch of late magazines. In the evening she had given a birthday party for one of the deaconesses, and at the merry party it had been her custom to be hostess for the birthdays of the sisters, most of whom were far away from their families. Then she had finished up with the dressmaker who was working on a dress for her friend. She thought of this friend as she went to bed. It would be well for her to talk to God about her and pray that God would speak through her as she traveled through the land addressing important meetings. Several years ago she had proposed that she would become "Lady of the Wardrobe" to her friend to assure this friend of hers that her work was not impossible. Then she went to sleep, little dreaming of what she had done that day.

In the dim light of a hospital room a doctor and a nurse sat by a patient's bed.

"We lose," whispered the doctor to the nurse, as he admitted the hopelessness of the case.

"Yes," the nurse replied, as she held his hand. The eyes of the nurse became dreamy.

In more meetings than you could count, a pastor's work had made it possible for a pastor to do his work more efficiently.

At an orphan's home a superintendent was giving a new vision of dreams to give more time to some of the things she counted most vital, but which had been impossible for lack of assistance. Now, with her new assistant, had come new hope and new courage and dreams come true. With grateful heart she turned to the woman who had made this possible. "If there is any success in my work just half of the reward is hers, because her hearty support and understanding sympathy have made my work possible."

A nurse rolled a Victrola into the ward on Sunday morning. As the soft strains of "Rock of Ages Clept for Me" came to each ear the drawn faces in the beds relaxed and an air of peace pervaded the room. Then followed other songs and old hymns, bringing blessing and assurance to those who listened. From room to room the Victrola was taken and in each it gave its message and accomplished its work. "It is one of my first and one of my last aids," said the nurse. "It has helped many back to health and has comforted some in the valley of the shadow. This dear, dear friend of mind little knows how many hearts she has reached through her gift nor how much easier she has made my work."

A young doctor met his patients with a fresh breath of air in his lungs and prayer that he would keep up too if it had not been for the concert. I was completely exhausted last night but today some one sent me a ticket for the concert. It was wonderful and it put new life and spirit into my work. I just could not give up with that music in my heart."

A pastor came back to his work after a month's vacation with a new light in his eye and a new energy in his planning. Throughout the parish it was evident. New members were enrolled, and far-reaching plans were projected. The church officials were full of joy. Now it seemed to him getting a masterful grip on the situation. He had been very tired and his vacation had made a new man of him. A woman who could do a pastor's work had made it possible for a pastor to do his work more efficiently.

A deaconess had gone to her work with a new glow about her heart. It made such a difference to know that someone one detail made her remembered a birthday and cared to celebrate it. The few hours of happy relaxation had bound all of the guests closer together and put a clearer note of fellowship and joy in their work. "Bless her," whispered one, "she just seems to live to help other people to live up to their best and to do their work."

A missionary secretary faced an invitation to address a great gathering. "No more this year," she said as she glanced at her suitcase, "I must go home for rest and repairs." Then there came a letter written at midnight. "I am following you with my prayers as you speak. Then, my dear, I am worldly-minded enough to follow you with the new dress you had fitted several weeks ago. Never get it into your head that the Lord can speak through a woman who is carelessly dressed than through one who is looked up straight with no buttons dangling. I know how little time you have to give to details, and I count it a real privilege to relieve you of as much care of your wardrobe as possible; and while I can not address the audiences you can, yet I hope you can get in more meetings than you could if you had to be bothered with this shopping."

At a meeting next day four young people decided to give their lives to missionary service and a gift of five thousand dollars was secured for the work.

"These are her trophies," said the speaker to herself, "for I could not have accepted this invitation not a host of others if she had not taken on her shoulders so many details of shopping and planning for me."

THE SABBATH RECORDER
THE SABBATH RECORDER

The day was done. A woman tired and weary fell asleep. What had she done? No newspaper recorded any great achievement with glaring headlines. No audience thronged around her in appreciation, yet she had made possible work which reached the ends of the earth.—Missionary Review of the World.

WORKER'S EXCHANGE

A WORD FROM THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The Battle Creek Ladies' Aid Society has just completed another year's work. As we look back over the records, while conscious of the fact that more might have been done, we feel to rejoice over what has been accomplished.

The society has earned very little money and for this reason some of our number feel that we have not done much. We have held no suppers or fairs but have met the calls for money as they came to us with voluntary gifts. This plan has left us free to give our time and strength to the Lord's work in other directions. We have tried their useful labors where it was needed. The needy have been visited and given substantial aid where it was needed. In many instances burdens have been lightened by words of sympathy and many flowers, those tokens of hope and good cheer, have been sent by loving hearts to brighten the hours of the shut-ins.

In the opinion of your committee, while she does not condemn earning money under certain circumstances, she feels that we have come nearer reaching the ideal mission of a Ladies' Aid Society the last year than ever before.

Our social functions, while fewer in number than usual on account of the stress of the times, have not been money-making schemes but have been conducted from a purely social standpoint and thus have brought us nearer to each other and to God. The attendance at our regular meetings has not been as large as we have desired but several of our number are doing outside work in addition to their many household duties. Taken all in all we are a very busy people.

We greatly miss in our meetings the inspiring presence of Mrs. D. B. Coon, Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. H. N. Jordan, who have entered upon other fields of labor.

Early in the year we were saddened over the death of one of our youngest members who was cut off in the beginning of her young motherhood.

We are facing the new year with hope, courage and determination, confident that the prospects before us are "as bright as the promises of God."

MRS. MARTHA H. WARDNER, "Press Committee.

ANIMAL'S EARS

If you ever see a rabbit running, notice its ears, and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf; their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger, its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jack rabbit of the western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and, as it is in more danger than our rabbits are, its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him; that is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. The dog raises his ears in a similar way.—Congregationalist.

"By a vote of 280 to 117, the students of the Minnesota State School of Agriculture recently decided to ban the cigarette. All students have agreed to adhere to the decision."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. HENRY N. JORDAN, Battle Creek, Mich.

CONFESSIONING AND DENYING CHRIST

REV. GERALD D. HARGIS

Christian Endeavor Work for Sabbath Day, July 26, 1919

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Confess with the mouth (Romans 10: 13).
Monday—With the life (Romans 10: 13).
Tuesday—By our behavior (1 Peter 2: 24).
Wednesday—Denying by rejection (Mark 15: 13).
Thursday—Religious infidels (2 Tim. 3: 1-9).
Friday—Denying by a selfish life (Jude 3: 11).

BY WAY OF SUGGESTION

In declaring ourselves for or against any great issue we use the mouth. "For with the mouth confession is made," that we might deny Christ with the mouth simply our acknowledgment that we are willing to stand for a principle or a person. Confessing Christ means more than mere mouth confession. Yet confession with the mouth is a part of our professing the Lord's name.

In the marriage ceremony two individuals confess to the world their love and devotion for each other and the law seals that love. Their after-life is constantly a confession or a denial of that tie. There come trials and disappointments and a testing fire is necessary for refining any pure metal. In the same manner, only still more beautiful, is the individual bound by his confession of love for Christ, and afterwards come the confessions and denials daily, also the testing of trials and disappointments.

BY WAY OF EXAMPLE

Peter stands out as the greatest character to deny and then confess his Savior. Peter failed his Master in an hour when he needed him most. But after seeing his mistake Peter rallied and his penitent confession reinstated him.

Paul denied Christ through persecuting the Christians, but he confessed him on the road to Damascus and by his wonderful service as a missionary.

Our hours of devotion and worship are confessions of Christ, but our human weaknesses, if allowed to master us, are denials of him. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Nothing confesses Christ more than a daily, honest, straightforward, moral Christian life, and nothing denies Christ more than dishonesty, unfairness, either in business or daily living, immoral living.

TESTIMONY

How many people fail when they have an opportunity publicly to testify for their Savior. Such a neglect is denial, such an opportunity taken advantage of is a great confession. By testimony don't think only of a public meeting where testimony is made verbally, but think of such acts as when the crowd said, "Let's drink, or smoke, or do some unmanly deed," or the demand that was made against our Bible teaching and training. "Quit yourselves like men." The causes of denial are lack of Christ, companions, neglect of a close secret prayer, conceit and thinking ourselves independent, and a desire to see how far we can delive in sin and yet return. Many took a peep, unnecessarily, over the trench in the great war and lost their lives. So many are chasing with sin and falling deep into its mire.

"As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross over man's path without hailing him, and if needs be, giving him supplies."—Henry Ward Beecher.

MINUTES OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD, JUNE 23, 1919

The meeting was called to order at the home of Associate President C. H. Siedhoff.

Members present were: Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Miss Edna Van Horn, Dr. W. B. Lewis, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mr. Siedhoff, Mr. E. H. Clarke and Ethlyn M. Davis.

Prayer was offered by Dr. W. B. Lewis. Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Corresponding Secretary reported correspondence from Dr. A. L. Burdick and Miss Verna Foster, also a letter from William Shaw of the United Society regarding the formation of an Alumni Association.

The Budget Committee wish to recom-
mand to the societies for consideration before the Conference the following items:

**PROPOSED BUDGET FOR 1919 AND 1920**

- Total: $1,500.00

The completed program for the Young People's Hour for Conference was read by Mr. Siedhoff, also letters from President Jordan, William Shaw and Rev. W. L. Burdick concerning a delegate to be sent to the National Christian Endeavor Convention at Buffalo.

After a free discussion, the Board decided to hold the Treasurer's books open this year until August 1st, with the expectation that the delinquent societies will come up with their apportionments. But hereafter it is advisable for all societies to pay their bills early, as the books must be closed July 1st, the end of the fiscal year.

On motion it was voted that Mr. E. H. Clarke and Dr. B. F. Johanson be a committee with power to obtain booklets or suitable posters to be sent throughout the denomination encouraging young people, as well as all others, to come to Conference.

The minutes were read and approved. Voted to adjourn to meet at the call of the President.

**EVELYN M. DAVIS, Recording Secretary.**

**TREASURER'S REPORT**

Your treasurer wishes to thank the young people's societies for the usual rush of business they have been giving him in the last few weeks, in keeping record of the incoming cash. The receipts since June 1 have amounted to $343.05.

There are sixty-nine societies listed in the seven associations. Twenty-five have paid in full, eight of these having paid a total of $12,611 more than their apportionment. There are only twenty-seven societies having paid nothing to the Young People's Board for the 1918-19 Conference year, and seventeen having made partial payments on their apportionment. Below is a statement of the 1918-19 apportionment showing the amount credited to each society.

**EASTERN ASSOCIATION**

- Church: $15.00
- Donald: $15.00
- Dale: $15.00
- New York City: $15.00
- Syracuse: $15.00

**SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION**

- Salem: $5,580
- Lost Creek: 14.20
- Ritchie: 12.00
- Greenhust: 2.40
- Rockville: 21.80
- Plainfield: 36.40
- Pawcatuck: 64.00
- New York: 10.00
- 2d New York: 3.60

**SOUTHEASTERN ASSOCIATION**

- Salem: $5,580
- Lost Creek: 14.20
- Ritchie: 12.00
- Greenhust: 2.40
- Rockville: 21.80
- Plainfield: 36.40
- Pawcatuck: 64.00
- New York: 10.00
- 2d New York: 3.60

**CENTRAL ASSOCIATION**

- 1st Brookfield: $7.00
- Deluyter: 14.20
- Scott: 4.80
- Verona: 13.60
- Adams: 24.80
- 2d Brookfield: 20.20
- West Edmeston: 4.20
- 1st Syracuse: 4.00

**WESTERN ASSOCIATION**

- 1st Alfred: $700
- Friendship: 13.60
- Independence: 15.20
- 1st Genesee: 25.60
- 2d Alfred: 9.60
- 1st Hudson: 4.00
- 1st Allen: 1.60
- Hartsville: 8.00
- 1st Hebron Center: 2.20
- Andover: 9.00
- Richburg: 7.80
- Southwestern: 5.40

**PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION**

- Riverside: 3.20
- Los Angeles: 2.00

**NORTHERN ASSOCIATION**

- Milton: $79.40
- Albion: 31.20
- Alanson: 12.40
- Saline: 49.00
- Northville: 31.80
- Farmington: 29.00
- Stone Fort: 5.00

**NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION**

- Bismarck: 29.40
- Dodge City: 18.70
- Carlton: 17.00
- Nortonville: 15.00
- Farina: 49.00
- Stone Fort: 6.00

**THE SABBATH RECORDER**

North Loop: 66.60
Milton Junction: 40.00
Cartwright: 14.00
Appley: 30.00
Boulder: 5.00
Parnam: 2.00
Grand March: 2.80
Battle Creek: 7.00
Exeland: 3.60
White Cloud: 1.60

Below is the treasurer's report for the period since the last report in the Recorder:

**Dr.**

- Balance on hand: $15.00
- March 21, West Edmeston: 6.00
- March 21, Ny. N.: 15.00
- March 21, Piscataway: 5.00
- April 1, Milton Junction: 8.00
- April 5, Shiloh: 10.00
- April 6, Berlin: 3.00
- April 7, Riverdale: 10.00
- April 8, Battle Creek: 7.00
- April 11, Marboro: 8.20
- April 19, Mr. and Mrs. T. Swenson: 25.00
- April 30, Special collection: Battle Creek: 25.00
- May 1, Rockville C. E.: 8.00
- May 2, Milton Junction: 17.00
- May 3, Second Westerly: 5.00
- May 3, Rockville: 7.84
- May 18, New York: 8.00
- May 23, Pawcatuck: 5.00
- May 26, Little Genesee: 25.00
- May 15, Salem: 5.00
- May 29, Second Alfred: 25.00
- May 29, Plainfield: 25.00
- June 6, First Alfred: 25.00
- June 15, Second Westerly: 5.00
- June 18, New York: 1.00
- June 18, Walworth: 14.00
- June 19, Shiloh: 2.20
- June 22, Salem: 30.80
- June 23, Waterford: 15.00
- June 24, Fones: 4.00
- June 25, Carlton: 13.60
- June 26, Walworth: 7.65
- June 27, Friendship: 16.00
- June 28, Waterford: 10.00
- June 29, Eastern Association: 13.60
- July 3, Pawcatuck: 14.00
- July 2, Parnam: 30.00
- July 2, Milton: 30.00
- July 3, Peace: 30.00

**INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONFERENCE**

BUFFALO, N. Y., AUGUST 5-10, 1919

The conference will open Tuesday evening, August 5, with a key-note service. Forenoons will be given up to conferences under expert leadership; afternoons, to business sessions of the United Society, the board of trustees and the field workers; and the evening, to strong platform addresses by speakers of international reputation.

A Seventh Day Baptist Christian Endeavor.

**SUGGESTIONS METHODS IDEAS FOR C. E. WORK**

A booklet of 16 pages published by Riverside (Cal.) C. E. Society especially for the use of Seventh Day Baptist C. E. societies—but good for any society. Every page has "live" matter in it that YOU can use in YOUR society. Price 20 cents per copy, postpaid—but worth a dollar. Order from

Mary G. Brown, Secretary
161 E. Date Street, Riverside, California

The edition is limited—order at once.
Reduced Railroad Rates.

After all I reached West Hallock in time to be awakened tender memories of my visits to Alfred Station, Little Genesee, Nile, Princeville and the second to take me to the fine musical program, presented by the Eastern Juniors of Boston, and Ella Poling, now efficient teacher in the Whittier School of that city, was a very little girl at the time I succeeded in bringing her to the city. She was not a very good worker, when she was first called on the knot at her door, and to whom she was calling on. She related to me what we have remembered about her. After calling at the parsonage to see the minister's new wife, she ran home and excitedly told her mother, who was very kind, that Mr. Van Horn's wife and she's a woman! Other memories, some pleasant, others sad, came trooping as I called on the dear friends I sought out in this great city. It was a memorable time the dear people made up the congregation that used to meet me here, and some of these were born and grown up since then. Only in memory did the most of the dear old faces appear, as I stood before them that morning. The message was intended to inspire hope and courage in the hearts of those present, and give the vision of the important task this church has yet to perform. There was a generous response to the appeal for help in our great missionary enterprise and the $5000 asked for was in hand when I left them. Such is the financial prosperity of the people in this garden spot of central Illinois that "Bert," son of my faithful friend George Potter, was able to offer me a seven-months-old pig for $400.00, promptly. His father gave him to still own the pig.

The autos of Herbert Hakes and George Burdick were generously contributed to my pleasure and convenience, the first to get me from Princeville and the second to take me to see my friends in Peoria. Miss Grace Runner, now efficient teacher in the Whittier School of that city, was a very little girl at the time I succeeded in bringing her to the city. She was not a very good worker, when she was first called on the knot at her door, and to whom she was calling on. She related to me what we have remembered about her. After calling at the parsonage to see the minister's new wife, she ran home and excitedly told her mother, who was very kind, that Mr. Van Horn's wife and she's a woman! Other memories, some pleasant, others sad, came trooping as I called on the dear friends I sought out in this great city. It was a memorable time the dear people made up the congregation that used to meet me here, and some of these were born and grown up since then. Only in memory did the most of the dear old faces appear, as I stood before them that morning. The message was intended to inspire hope and courage in the hearts of those present, and give the vision of the important task this church has yet to perform. There was a generous response to the appeal for help in our great missionary enterprise and the $5000 asked for was in hand when I left them. Such is the financial prosperity of the people in this garden spot of central Illinois that "Bert," son of my faithful friend George Potter, was able to offer me a seven-months-old pig for $400.00, promptly. His father gave him to still own the pig.

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THE BOY THAT LAUGHS

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever seen,
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.
I saw him tumble on his nose,
And wait for a groan.
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He thought in funny tone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overruin his cheeks.
Like waves on snowy sand.
He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.
No matter how the day may go,
You can not make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know.
Who pout and mope and sigh.
—Exchange.

PLAIN WHITE

Mary Jane caught sight of the tired little figure by the big range as soon as she reached the kitchen door. "I'll dish up the potatoes, mother," she called out, cheerily. Mother turned. She was a little frail woman, with soft brown eyes.

"That you, dear?" she said, with a relieved sigh. "Run in, please, and see if the table is all right. Mrs. Jackson is bringing a friend to dinner today and I do want everything to be nice."

"Poor little funny one!" she whispered. "She's forgotten to give Mr. Snodgrass a napkin and Mrs. Willets hasn't any fork. It's just a shame she has to work so hard. Boarders are no fun and she has had them so long. If father had just lived," and then Mary June, supplying the missing napkin, sighed a little.

Father had not lived and mother had been obliged to work, and work very hard, to keep food in their mouths and a roof over their heads, for years.

After seeing that the table lacked nothing Mary June went back to the kitchen, and for the next few minutes both were so busy that neither spoke. It was just after dinner that the opportunity came.

"Mary July has invited me to her party," said Mary June, suddenly.

"She has?" answered mother, and then just a little shadow crept over the sweet, tired face, for Mary June would have to have a plain dress if she went to the party, and with the high cost of living, how was she to give it to her?

When her bills were met there was scarcely anything left. For boarders, to be permanent, must be well fed, and Mary June's mother could not economize at their expense.

Mary June saw the look, and when she came back from the pantry she put both arms about her mother. "Now, mother," she said, fondly, "if that party is going to worry you, I won't go."

"But your dress," protested mother, faintly.

"Well," replied Mary June, with a practical air, "I've about figured out the dress. What the other girls wear must not influence me. Wasn't it grandma who used to say that we must not 'measure our oats in other people's half bushels'? In other words, what the rest of the world has need not concern us."

"And the tickets," added Mary June, in her sweet young voice, "that if you could get me a few yards of plain white goods I could make it myself after school."

Mother looked at Mary June. "Plain white!" she repeated. "If I had any money, I'd think of a wedding dress," said Mary June.

"I must wear my brown gown. And never look too fine."

"I'm Jenny Wren and my mother keeps boarders, but when I get to teaching after I have my diploma, she's going to rest. We can both have better clothes then, and just now it has to be plain white. Why, mother, I don't care. That Alice will wear pink chiffon and Edith blue messaline and Mildred lace does not matter to me. If my mother is willing I will be happy to go in the plain white."

For many a day mother did not reply. She could not. Mary June was such a help, and so unselfish, asking for so little always.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

STANDING OF THE DENOMINATIONS

(Compiled by W. H. Lewis, D. D., for the Christian Herald, New York.)

An analysis of the gains of 1918 reveals some interesting facts. The Methodist group usually shows a considerable advance. The largest member of the group, the Methodist Episcopal, with upward of 3,800,000 members, reports the past year a net loss of over 10,000, where it had 125,000 gain the year before. Dr. Bakeler, the statistician of that church, says this astounding change is largely due to lack of leaders. We have only 319 pastors in the South, which is 85 per cent of its'1912 membership. Pastor went into the war, leaving their flocks without shepherds, and the centenary movement took many others into the campaign service, and it was not possible to fill all the vacancies promptly. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also had a very moderate increase, due probably to the same causes, and the whole Methodist group, with more than seven and a half million members, reports a net gain of only about 50,000 or two-thirds of one per cent.

The Baptists did better, reporting an increase of 2,507,507 on a basis of seven and a quarter million members. The Lutheran group gained 17,211, and the Presbyterian, 38,271—a small figure. The Protestant Episcopal Church, whose growth is seldom interrupted, reports a net loss of nearly 11,000. The Roman Catholic Church also comes in for reduced gains, of considerably less than 100,000 on a membership of 14,891,321, which is 85 per cent of its church "population," 15 per cent being deducted for infants and children not admitted to communicant numbers. Many dioceses made no revision of their figures for the year.

The total increase for the ten years, 1909 to 1918 inclusive, is 7,680,621, which is little short of 23 per cent for the period. The average annual increase is 768,062, and the increase for 1918 is nearly half a million, more than double the 1917 average. The churches must be striving themselves the present year to make good.

GAINS IN THE LAST TEN YEARS

The following table gives the total of members for all religious bodies from 1908 to 1918 inclusive, and the annual gains. Note the fluctuations in the last column by year—the leap from 343,391 in 1908 to 519,534 the next year; from 528,777 in 1912 to 1,235,513 the following year; and from 756,807 in 1916 to 939,317 in 1917, when the results of the decennial census of 1916 were incorporated:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total members</th>
<th>Members 1917</th>
<th>Members 1918</th>
<th>Gain in members</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
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<td>322,000</td>
<td>328,143</td>
<td>6,143</td>
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<tr>
<td>1909</td>
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<td>318,965</td>
<td>325,110</td>
<td>6,145</td>
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<td>318,965</td>
<td>318,965</td>
<td>325,110</td>
<td>6,145</td>
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<td>318,965</td>
<td>318,965</td>
<td>325,110</td>
<td>6,145</td>
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<td>1914</td>
<td>318,965</td>
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<td>1918</td>
<td>318,965</td>
<td>318,965</td>
<td>325,110</td>
<td>6,145</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The United States has a total of denominations and divisions. There are 170 denominational titles, some are only fragmentary, like clusters of rocks which come and go without observation. Of the 170 denominational titles, 67 stand for very small bodies, ranging all the way down from 4,800 members to 97. Twenty-five have less than 1,000 members each. Together the 67 bodies have a total of 113,556 members, or an average of 1,695. These denominations constitute 40 per cent of the entire list, but they have only one-fourth of one per cent of the aggregate membership.

THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES

The evangelical churches, about 140 in number, have a total of 25,127,138 members; the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox, 15,400,200; the non-evangelical, 6,865,586, and the non-Christian, 372,411. That is to say: more than 60 per cent of the aggregate membership of all religious bodies belong to the evangelical churches, upward of 37 per cent to the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches, somewhat more than 25 per cent to the non-evangelical Christian bodies, and less than one per cent to the non-Christian bodies.
THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

REV. WILLIAM M. SIMPSON
(Graduation Address, Alfred Theological Seminary, June 10, 1913)

When Jesus said that the second of the two great commandments is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," a certain lawyer asked, "And who is my neighbor?" That question was asked for the purpose of justifying unneighborly conduct. It was like the case of Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Such questions are not asked for information, but to shift responsibility, or to escape deserved blame, or to make wrong seem right. Selfishness is the motive.

It is said that self-preservation is the first law of nature. This is doubtless true for physical organisms at least. But our bodies are not ourselves. The brute saves its life by taking the life of rivals. The law of the spirit rises above the law of the brute. We save ourselves, not at the cost of others, but by saving them along with ourselves. The laws of life and growth in the spiritual world are different. The value of one human life is multiplied by the value of the other lives on which it is interwoven. We are not to love our neighbors less because we love ourselves.

Selfishness is the sin of the twentieth century. "Thy neighbor as thyself" is the second great commandment. It is the command of love. It is the act of self-sacrifice. It is the act of selflessness. It is the act of self-denial. It is the opposite of pride, ambition, conceit, self-importance, self-seeking, the love of self, and pride of race and nation. It is the essence of justice, love, and mercy. It is the foundation of social and political order.

In the Promised Land, a country of sheep, the shepherd was the conquered and the subject of the shepherds. In the Christian world, the sheep is the conqueror and the subject of the shepherd. It is a new social order, a new kingdom of God, a new economy, a new system of life, a new type of government.

For the world in the turmoil of war and crime, and for the world in the turmoil of social injustice and economic inequality, this is a great message of salvation. It is the act of self-sacrifice, of selflessness, of self-denial, of self-conquest, of self-control, of self-transformation. It is the greatest lesson of the Gospel, the greatest principle of Christianity.

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MARRIAGES

Burdick-Shaw.—At the residence of the bride's parents, 65 Lincoln Avenues, Yonkers, N. Y., on June 23, 1919, by the bride's father, Rev. George B. Shaw, Harold O. Burdick, of Duneland, Ind., and Hannah Shaw, of Yonkers, N. Y.

Terhune-Chapman.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. C. Chapman, 10 Stanley Place, Yonkers, N. Y., on June 9, 1919, by Rev. George B. Shaw, Russell B. Terhune and Frances M. Chapman, all of Yonkers, N. Y.

Ormesby-Hanchett.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Ormsby, at Alfred, N. Y., June 12, 1919, by Pastor William M. Simpson, of Alfred Station; N. Y. Mr. Robert William Ormsby, of Alfred Station, N. Y., and Miss Reba E. Hanchett, of Welvils, N. Y.

Talbot-Bennett.—In Milton, Wis., at the home of the bride's parents, by President William C. Daland, of Milton College, Mr. Harry E. Talbot, of Milton, and Miss Amanda L. Bennett, of West Troy, N. Y., daughter of James B. Bennett, Esq., all of Milton, Wis.

Richardson-Tulberg.—On June 4, 1919, at the home of the bride's father, Rev. Alva C. Richardson, of North Loup, Neb., Mr. James M. Tulberg, of Utica, S. C., and Miss Leila E. Tulberg, of both New Auburn, Minn.

DEATHS

Saunders.—William Curtis, son of Charles and Mrs. Belle Saunders, was born at Richburg, N. C., May 3, 1919, and died of pneumonia May 5, 1919.

Frink.—Maude Adell Dangerfield, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dangerfield, was born April 9, 1890, at Walworth, Wis., and depart ed this life at the Cottage Hospital, at Har vard, Ill., May 22, 1919.

November 12, 1912, she was married to William R. Frink, of Milton Junction, Wis., which place the bride called home for the first time. Then they returned to Walworth where they have since resided.

November 29, 1912, she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, of which church she was a faithful consistent member at the time of her marriage. Beside her husband and little son, Roland, she leaves her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dangerfield, five sisters and four brothers; her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Clarke, and many other relatives and friends who will miss her, but are comforted with the thought that she expressed a readiness to go, regretting only the brief separation from the body. The funeral services were conducted by the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Walworth, Wis., Sunday, November 30, 1912, Rev. A. D. Humphrey, pastor, and the remains were taken to Milton Junction, Wis., for internment.

Walters.—Eugene A. Walters was born in the town of Linn, Walworth County, Wis., April 26, 1876, and passed into the presence of the Most High, Friday morning, April 22, 1919.

Mr. Walters was the son of Thomas and Al­ zina Walters, and was a member of a family of six brothers and sisters and two half-brothers. With the exception of one child more than Mil­ bourne, and the remains were taken to Milton Junction, Wis., for internment.

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Special Notice

The address of all Seventh-Day Baptist missionaries in China is the same as domestic rates.

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The First Seventh-Day Baptist Church of New York, holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Room, 3rd floor of 424 Washington Avenue, at 6:00 a.m. Visitors are welcome. The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 12th and Park Avenue. Rev. Geo. W. Williams, Pastor, 124 W. 12th Street.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH VISITOR

SPECIAL NOTICES

Contributions to the work of Miss Marie Jane in Java will be gratefully received, and sent by her quarterly by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

Correspondence with subscribers is kept in a safe place, and postage is the same as domestic rates.

The First Seventh-Day Baptist Church of Syracuse, N. Y., holds regular Sabbath services at 10 o'clock on Sabbath morning. Preaching at 10 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Visits are always welcome. Visits are always welcome.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York holds regular Sabbath services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, South. The Sabbath school meets at 10:30 a.m. Preaching service at 11:30 a.m. A special feature is extended to all visitors. Rev. Geo. W. Shaw, Pastor, 55 Elliott Avenue, Young's, N. Y.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services at 10 o'clock on Sabbath morning. Preaching at 10 o'clock, followed by the Sabbath school. Visits are always welcome. Visits are always welcome.

The Church in Los Angeles, Cal., holds regular services in their house of worship near the corner of West 12th and Park Avenue. Rev. Geo. W. Williams, Pastor, 124 W. 12th Street.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist Church of London holds regular Sabbath services at 10 a.m. in the Morning Hour, and 7 p.m. in the Afternoon Hour. A morning service at 10 o'clock is held, except in July and August, in the Teaching Park. Rev. W. G. Stricker and visitors are cordially invited.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church at Battle Creek, Mich., holds regular preaching services each Sabbath in the Sabbath school building. Visits are always welcome. Visits are always welcome.

The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Whiteside, Mich., holds regular preaching services and Sabbath school services at 1 o'clock on Sabbath morning. Visits are always welcome. Visits are always welcome.

There is that scatterer, and yet incomparable; and that which is withheld more than is met, but it tendeth to poverty.—Prov. 11:24.
Catch The Drive Spirit!

BOOST! BOOST! BOOST!

FOUR GREAT DRIVES ARE ON

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The above is from the “Bulletin” of the North Loup Church.

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